THE PACIFIC

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SELF-SACRIFICE.

What though thine arm hath conquered in the fight—
  What though the vanquished yield unto thy sway,
  Or riches garnered pave thy golden way,—
Not therefore hast thou gained the sovran height
Of man's nobility! No halo's light
  From these shall round thee shed its sacred ray;
  If these be all thy joy—then dark thy day,
And darker still thy swift approaching night!

But if in thee more truly than in others
  Hath dwelt love's charity;—if by thine aid
  Others have passed above thee, and if thou,
Though victor, yieldest victory to thy brothers,
  Though conquering conquered, and a vassal made,—
  Then take thy crown, well mayst thou wear it now.

—Samuel Waddington.

Pacific Theological Seminary
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THE PACIFIC

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SIGNS GOOD AND SIGNS BAD.

An English chaplain wrote recently from the war front in France: "Organized religion has perhaps less place here than in any other sphere or set of conditions, but real religion—the desire of men for God—has a larger place here than perhaps in any other kind of life. Life is at its simplest, and religion is here, by death, loneliness and hardship, reduced to its simplest terms. There are times when the denominational color grows dim and faint, and rightly. Here it is practically out of sight. The chaplain just stands for God and prayer and the worship that links men up with the loved ones at home. * * * All the services I have had have been simple general services in which men and officers of all creeds have joined."

After reading this in a London paper we wrote this comment: It is to be hoped that barriers such as these, broken down at the front in war time, will never again be raised.

But before there was opportunity to place this item before the eyes of the readers of The Pacific, we came upon an account of the censure given Canon Aitken of Plymouth, England, because he addressed an assemblage of men in a Wesleyan church. But a good sign of the times is found in the following comment, on the criticism, by a London paper:

"The Nation is drawing all its forces together and seeking unity throughout its life; Christian people everywhere are furthering the work of real unity. But so long as we have these discordant voices—and they are many—implying that non-Sacramental Christians are practical pariahs who must be marked taboo, so long will the cause of Unity be retarded, and the enemy will have cause to blaspheme."

We turned from that to a paper printed in our own land, a Baptist publication, and found condemnation of a minister who on leaving the ministry in the Baptist Church for that in the Congregational, had remarked that the one was just as desirable as the other. The statement of the Baptist paper was in substance that if that was the way he felt it was better that he should go.

So it is! The barriers are broken down on the battlefield. There, only essentials matter. But away from that place of cataclysm the emphasis still rests with many on non-essentials, and the cause of Christ is thus greatly weakened.

But as soon as the paper last referred to had been laid down and another picked up the eyes fell on the words in big black letters on the cover page, **"Pray for Union."** And then we read in that most prominent place in that paper the resolutions adopted at Evanston, Illinois, on the 17th of February by the Conference on the Union of American Methodism. At once the dawn was rosier. For there we read a clarion call to church unity in the interests of a wider unity. Such a conference as that at Evanston could not be held now and the great crisis in Europe pass unnoticed, and so international peace and unity and Christian and Church unity had consideration together and the resolutions adopted were in part as follows:

"The world is in despair. Civilization is halted and Christianity dishonored and disparaged. Men ask, is God no longer a God of peace? Is the god of war to overthrow the kingdom of the Prince of Peace? If the Church of Christ fails to restore the spirit of brotherhood in the world, then may we despair of the race.

"We are therefore doubly called to consider the question of Christian unity in the interest of international peace itself. The brotherhood of man is at stake, as well as belief in the Fatherhood of God. We face the vital question of Christian unity in the largest communion of Christians in the New World. Able and candid discussions have shown that there are no insuperable barriers to Christian union, provided the spirit of Christian unity becomes a passion among us. Only the elemental fires can give final shape to the continents and fuse the metals in the rocks. Only divine fires can make the true superman superior to hate and bloody strife.

"We, who have signed our names to this paper, members of Churches bearing many names, claiming no authority but that we are Methodists, in the trust that we are moved of God, do summon all Methodists everywhere in our broad land to be much in importunate prayer and intercession for the gracious blessing of God upon all our efforts to see eye to eye in the all-vital matter of Christian unity, to the end that we may be all one, that the world may know that the Prince of Peace is come from God and binds us back to God. If our efforts fail now, who dare foretell when they can ever succeed, while a divided Church continues in a hopeless struggle to bring the lost world to God?

"Methodists of the continent, pray, pray everywhere, pray without ceasing, for Christian unity among the sons of Wesley."

And finally we come to a plan now being considered for a community church at Woronoco, the town in Massachusetts built up around the Strathmore Paper Company's mill—a community church in which both the Catholics and Protestants will worship. The pastor of the Union Protestant Church and the priest in charge of the Catholic work are joining heartily in the movement, which has back of it the managers of the paper company. That this co-operation in religious work and worship will meet with general approval is evident from the fact that Catholics and Protestants have for some time been using a hall together. It may be remarked that such co-operation as this is very little. Grant it! But it marks a big advance from anything of the kind known only a few decades ago, and is an earnest of much more to follow.

A great metropolitan daily recently hired a young churchman to be its religious editor. And the managing editor welcomed him to the staff with this greeting: "We're not running this sheet for commercial purposes. We're running it to further the things you are interested in. You are to be the representative of Jesus Christ on this paper." The Continent asks: "Doesn't talk like this really sound as if the kingdom of God is indeed coming nigh?"

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

A missionary in Arizona says that only 65 out of every 1,000 inhabitants of that State attend Protestant church services.

Dr. Bade's book, "The Old Testament in the Light of Today," has place on the last list of books suggested by the American Library Association for small libraries.

Attorney-General Jones of Arizona, after studying the recent ruling of the Supreme Court of that State, that liquor could be imported for personal use, has rendered the opinion people can carry it in themselves, but that it cannot be transported and delivered by any common carrier.

Professor Walter Cushing Eells of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis has accepted a call to the department of mathematics in Whitman College. Professor Eells is a grandson of Dr. Cushing Eells, the pioneer missionary to the Pacific Northwest, and the founder of Whitman College.

The Rev. Dr. Forbes, the Seattle correspondent of The Presbyterian of Philadelphia, writes to that paper concerning the Rev. Hugh G. Ross, pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle: "He came to Seattle from South Africa a complete stranger to America and American ways, but has preached a pure Gospel, and has won his way into the hearts of the people."

Friday evening, March the 17th, Professor Robert G. Aitken of the Lick Observatory will give a Pacific Seminary Earle Foundation lecture in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Subject, "Unity in the Universe." In this lecture it will be maintained that the laws which we know here operate throughout the universe. Professor Aitken has high rank in the scientific world. Since 1899 he has discovered 2700 double stars.

California now has 122 Christian Endeavor missionaries. In the last year 18 have entered the work. There are now in this State 354 Life Work Recruits. Of this number 233 are women, of whom 130 have volunteered for foreign mission work, 43 for home missions, 5 for Young Women's Christian Association work, and 51 are as yet undecided as to their fields. Among the Recruits are 121 young men. Twenty-five have offered themselves for the ministry, 56 for the foreign, and 19 for the home mission field, while 4 are planning for Young Men's Christian Association work, and 17 are undecided.

In an article on 'Awakening America," Bishop Bell of the United Brethern Church remarks: "All the zones of American thought-life are today vibrant with a new social passion. Go where you will, talk with whom you will, mingle with any class you will, and you will find immediate interst in economic questions and conditions and their relation to the total welfare. * * * A new guardianship of society as well as a new responsibility for society is in evidence. The principles and controls of Christianity are going into our economic life with a new imperative and a much fuller dimension than ever before. The Bishop continues: "Christian leaders must think through to a complete Christian program for society. It is quite clear that full modern social responsibility will not readily be accepted by the Church, just as it is not by the state, but we must hold on for it in rugged determination. What no government has done, nor ever can do, the Church can and must do. She will shrivel, decay, and die if she shall presume to evade her mighty task. The law of the Cross, which is sacrificial life, is her supreme law. She has created a civilization which is now facing toward her in a severe test of her leadership. She dare not, must not, fail."

The Japanese-American Citizens' Association of Hawaii has a membership of nearly two thousand. It was organized by a few Japanese who are American citizens by right of birth in Hawaii. The Association discusses all the questions of the day, takes an active interest in municipal matters and in advertising Hawaii, teaches Hawaiian-born Japanese, under the voting age, the principles and duties of good citizenship. A similar association has been formed in Oahu. The Rev. S. Sokabe of Honolulu, leader of the association, gives its young men this counsel: Hawaiian-born Japanese have a great mission today. The Japanese of Hawaii must became the pacificators should trouble come between Japan and America. * * * Should a crisis come you would be interpreters between Japan and America, and you should be the pacifiators. You owe it to yourselves to do this. Learn to be good American citizens and then you will be able to help in case of trouble. You can do more to keep peace than the Ambassadors and Ministers. You will be the key-stone of all international questions. Young men of Hawaii, it is best that you work to make a Japanese-American Citizens' Association a success. You who are born in Hawaii are not the sons of the Emperor. If trouble should come with Japan you must remember that you are the sons of the President, not of the Emperor. Aim to work for the best examples of citizenship and then aim to work for peace."

The movement in some parts of the country to do away with treating in saloons no doubt will do good, but it is only a half-way measure and should not be allowed to interfere with the determination to abolish the saloon. Recently the Sacramento Union said concerning the movement: "The movement to abolish treating, which has met with remarkable support in Sacramento, is a body blow at the saloon. If the man who desires a drink gets it and pays for it and then goes about his business there will be a great shrinkage in saloon receipts. Under the treating system, aided by an industrious bartender and the natural desire to reciprocate, a sort of chain of drinks is established which serves to take out of the pocket of a man who wanted only one drink the price of several and leads him to take three or four times as much liquor as he wants. The 'No, Thank You' league members bind themselves not to take a drink at the expense of another person. Naturally they cannot expect others to accept drinks from them. This organization, although only a few days old, has many members and promises to grow rapidly. Numbered among those wearing the little button are some of the most prominent men in the business life of the city. If it does not destroy the treating evil, which is purely an American habit, it will reduce the amount of liquor consumed and by that much the city will be the gainer. Incidentally, the saloon will be the loser."

THE CHURCH IN MID-OCEAN.

Two thousand miles away, in the middle of the Pacific ocean, there is a Congregational Church which occupies one of the most strategic positions occupied by any church in the world today. It is the Central Union in Honolulu. Nearly all the time at the last annual meeting was given to the consideration of the question of a new educational building and a larger educational program for the church. After

it had been shown how greatly the Bible School itself needed larger and more suitable quarters, it was pointed out how a new building therefor could be made a community center of religious education. Dr. Scudder, the pastor, asked during the discussion whether it would not be wiser to rebuild the entire church plant so as to make all needed provosions for the two functions of the church's life—worship and instruction and training in service. He spoke of the strategic position Central Union Church occupies mid-way between the occident and the orient, and indicated what far-reaching influence a model church plant would exert not only locally but all around the would. As a result of the discussion a large and representative committee was appointed to thoroughly consider the whole project.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The honor band in Illinois penitentiary at Joliet has made several trips recently to aid in evangelistic services outside.

Within a year the wood-pile menace lessened the number of persons shelterd at the municipal lodging house in Chicago from 264,314 to 20,812.

Des Moines, Iowa, has been without saloons for more than a year. A leading daily paper says that the year 1915 was the most orderly and prosperous in the history of the city.

President Lowell of Harvard predicts that there will be a "next war," thirty or forty years hence, that it will be more destructive than the present one, and probably will involve the whole world.

During the last year there has been in England quite a demand for books designed to guide the thought of Christian people who are perplexed by the war and its many serious problems.

What is called the Men and Religion Movemnt in the Disciples Church is engaged in a campaign to raise a six million dollar fund for missions and education. R. A. Long of Kansas City has subscribed one million.

Judge Lindsey of Denver reports that he found conditions in Serbia and Poland indescribable. In some cities no children under three have survived. In others none under six. Nearly 500,000 babies have died in these two countries in the last two years.

John F. Goucher, a man having thorough acquaintance with Japan, writes that the Japanese are rapidly becoming the most educated people in the world. "At the present rate of progress Japan will soon have the smallest per cent of illiterates and the largest per cent of children of school age in attendance in her schools."

Pat was taken into court for stealing a horse. He kept walking back and forth showing signs of nervousness, whereupon his lawyer turned to him and said, "Pat, sit down and be quiet. I will see that you get justice." "Justice," said Pat, "that is just what I do not want." Perhaps this is the reason some individuals and some nations do not believe in arbitration.

A news item from Amsterdam states that the Frankfurter Zietung published a short time ago an interview credited to a high naval officer in Germany, who expressed views substantially as follows: "A majority of German naval officers believe that a complete breach between Germany and America would be conducive to a far earlier victorious termination of the war, but only if Germany derived all the results logically arising out of such a break. As soon as Germany was in such a position that she need have no more consideration for America she could declare all Great Britain blockaded and announce that every ship, of whatever flag, which attempted to enter a British port, would be regarded as a blockade runner and destroyed without warning. This policy would lead to starvation of Britain and thus to her submission, and then automatically the submission of Russia and France. America would then be isolated and would have to submit because Germany, having obtained all the Entente battleships and submarines, would be far stronger on the sea than America."

In the words of an English chaplain written at the war front in France there is a lesson for Christian workers everywhere: "Services in the front trenches are not possible, nor indeed desirable. When the brigade to which my own regiment belongs is in the fire trenches I go up now and then and get about amongst the men and officers in a friendly sociable way. One's work is after all being out there with 'em. One just sticks it out with the men and that seems to count."

A larger per cent of Jews than of any other people is engaged in the war in Europe. The estimated number is 550,000, or five and one half per cent of all the Jews in the world. The per cent of the population of the twelve nations engaged in the war is about 2.6. The total number of Jews in the world is about 14,500,000. About 10,000,000 are directly affected by the war. In 1915 there were 615,000 Jews in Germany. In 1910 they numbered 1,313,000 in Austia and 932,000 in Hungary. In 1914 they numbered 6,660,000 in Russia, and in 1915 about 245,000 in the British isles.

When the negros were emancipated in the United States they had no property. Now their property is valued at more than six hundred million dollars. They have 135 private high schools; 30,000 teachers; 82 banks, 500 newspapers and periodicals. They have decreased in illiteracy forty-seven per cent. They have 1.500 lawyers, 2,500 physicians, several thousand ministers, some of whom are among the ablest in the United States. There are today more than 2,000,000 colored children in the public schools, and these are taught by 30,000 colored teachers. The colored people have contributed during these fifty years to these schools something over $6,000,000, besides the amount which they have contributed in taxes. The best information with regard to the contributions of colored people in taxes shows that they have given something like $45,000,000 of their earnings in the form of taxes to these schools.

A correspondent of the Herald and Presbyter, writing from Oklahoma concerning the Indians, says: "If the Indian is able to go anywhere he will go to church. It it the Alpha and Omega of his life. The story of divine things had often been retold by the campfire long before the white man came. These times of life before the white man came were the Old Testament days of the Indians. The white man should have come like the Evangel in the New Testament to make the old plain. But in some cases the white man came with his ceremonies and the Indians received them as they would the flashy cloth about their necks." Concerning the Indian preachers the correspondent writes: "All the Indian churches are in the country and all

the Indian ministers live on their farms. The country in which most of these men live has no bridge across the streams. The Indian missionaries are true home missionaries, each one with a group of churches. The true home missionary is a man of the road. I have no doubt the Indians are doing as much as any other man of the church to touch every life in the bounds of their fields. These Indian men seldom think of the storms and the swollen streams; it is the church house and the people they are thinking about. I met an old minister riding along in his buggy, and lying in the back end of the buggy were Walker's Concordance and Davis' Bible Dictionary. This was a traveling study."

A dispatch from New Haven to the New York Times reports Dean Brown of the Yale School of Religion as defending in an address to Yale students the work of the Yale Battery and other college organizations giving military training, but as opposing the building of great navies as peace insurance. In speaking of what he regarded as proper measures for obtaining peace, Dr. Brown was reported to have denominated Mr. Ford's effort as futile and impracticable. Nor could peace be obtained or maintained by a congregation of manufacturers at the Waldorf-Astoria, nor by "women's club organizations in pompous and impressive masses." "Peace, according to his view, can come only through educating men's hearts to the principles of peace—a long and arduous process." Dr. Brown was reported to have said in the course of his address that we "have failed to treat the Japanese as gentlemen." Nevertheless he did not look for war between our people and the Japanese.

THE LOS ANGELES CONVENTION A GREAT ONE.

The Los Angeles Convention of the National Laymen's Missionary Movement closed March 1, 1916, with 6333 registered delegates, and with an average attendance of over 3,500 men at all sessions. It was the greatest convention of the kind ever held in this country and broke all records as far as the number of delegates is concerned.

The Methodist Episcopal church led with the largest number of registered delegates—2,300. The Presbyterians were second with 880; Baptist, 832; Congregational, 538; Christian, 459; United Presbyterian, 168; Friends, 140; Lutheran, 91; Protestant Episcopal, 87. The other denominations were represented with smaller delegations. The largest number from any one church was 210 from the First Methodist Episcopal church of Los Angeles; Temple Baptist, Los Angeles, 196; First Methodist Episcopal, Hollywood, 176; First Baptist, Los Angeles, 138; First Congregational, Los Angeles, 138; First Methodist Episcopal, Pasadena, 126; First Presbyterian, Pasadena, 109; Immanuel Presbyterian, Los Angeles, 108. All the others were below one hundred.

Pasadena sent in the largest number of delegates from any town outside of Los Angeles, 648 in number. Orange County sent in a delegation of 300 by special train. Ninety-six towns in Southern California were represented, besides nineteen states and four foreign countries.

One of the features of the convention was the presence of 400 student volunteers from the several colleges of Southern California at one of the evening sessions.

Under the direction of the Executive Secretary of the convention, Rev. E. Guy Talbott, a series of comprehensive statistical tables was prepared for the convention. These tables gave religious statistics for the several religious denominations in five sections; the United States, California, Southern California Counties, Los Angeles County, and the city of Los Angeles.

It was shown that the average giving per member for missions and benevolences in 1915 for the churches in the United States as a whole was $2.08, while in the state of California it was $4.47; in Southern California it was $4.95; in Los Angeles County, $6.18, and in the city of Los Angeles, $4.47.

The increase in missionary and benevolent contributions for the last ten years was 71 per cent for the entire United States; 121 per cent for the state of California; 171 per cent for Southern California; 230 per cent for Los Angeles County; and 70 per cent for the city of Los Angeles.

Church membership increased in the United States 23 per cent; in California 61 per cent; in Southern California 83 per cent; in Los Angeles County 93 per cent; and in Los Angeles city 109 per cent. Los Angeles, with a population of 600,000, has over 60,000 Protestant Church members in 218 churches.

WORLD'S RECORD ATTENDANCE AT LAYMEN'S CONVENTION.

Los Angeles Leads.

As usual, Los Angeles leads. The Laymen's Missionary Convention held here last week made a world record for attendance, registering the largest number of delegates ever assembled at one of these conventions. The grand total of attendance for the four days reached 25,000—and seventy-five per cent were men. Indeed, women were not admitted, save in the upper gallery of the Bible Institute auditorium where the sessions were held. No longer can we say that women make up the rank and file of the church. It looks as if the men had finally risen to the challenge.

In the roll-call of denominations, Congregationalists stood fourth in point of numbers, the Methodists leading with 2185 registered delegates, their nearest rival being the Presbyterians with 880 and the Baptists with 832. Congregationalists had 538 delegates, 158 of whom were from First Church. Delegates from ninety-six towns of Southern California flocked to the convention and nineteen states and four foreign countries were represented.

Some Statistics.

Some one has facetiously remarked that there are three kinds of lies—black lies, white lies, and statistics—but in this case "Figures don't lie." A few more—just to show what this end of the State is doing for missions. There are, all told, 911 churches of fourteen denominations in Southern California with a total of 158,000 communicants. In 1915 a total of $783,803 was contributed to missions and benevolences. Of this amount, Los Angeles County with its 475 churches and 101,011 communicants, gave $624,431—an average of more than six dollars per capita.

Denominational Rally.

Denominational meetings were held in the different churches on the afternoon of the last day of the convention. At First Church a large number of delegates, representing practically all the churches in the conference except those perhaps in the remote bounds, assembled, together with many women—for these rallies were not exclusivly for the delegates but for the whole church. On the platform were seven missionaries of the American Board and it is a significant fact that four of them—Dr. McNaughton, Dr. Christie, Dr. and Mrs. Tracy—repre-

sented in their combined length of service in Turkey a total of 170 years. Rev. Henry H. Kelsey, the Pacific Coast representative of the American Board, gave a graphic and striking report by means of charts which presented in concrete form the foreign work of the Congregtional churches of America. He emphasized the fact that the Board has the exclusive responsibility of 75,000,000 souls which in the division among the various denominational boards have been set aside to us. Whereas there are no less than sixteen universities in this country whose annual budget exceeds $1,000,000 each, it is nevertheless a fact that the finances of the American Board are so administered that the $1,000,000 apportioned sustains eighteen colleges, fourteen theological seminaries, over 1500 schools, twenty-five industrial plants, thirty-three hospitals, 656 missionaries, to say nothing of churches, dispensaries, presses, etc., in eight foreign countries. There's a problem in finance that would paralyze a secular business corporation.

Dr. George F. Kenngott, superintendent of the Southern California Conference, in his report, made visual and impressive by a great display of charts, declared that California is the pace-maker for Congregationlists in this country, showing a fifty-three per cent increase in membership —more than four times as much as that in the entire United States.

Congregational Speakers at Convention.

Dr. Herman F. Swartz of the Congregational National Home Missionary Society in New York, has made a fine impression as a distinctively "live wire" during the convention in which he has taken an active part. Facts and figures tumble from his lips in a perfect torrent and as fast as he makes a point he nails it with a concrete example. At the denominational rally for instance, in a talk on "The Efficient Church," he illustrated his theme by a specific instance of a certain church that got so behind in its finances that the trustees resigned in a body when the deficit reached $5000. Some of the hustling members got together and by effective team work and by the every-member canvass secured sufficient pledges to pay up the deficit, to insure expenses for another year and to meet the missionary apportionment. Their business-like methods so aroused the admiration of a shrewd business man who had been watching the performance that he came forward with a voluntary subscription of $10,000 for needed improvement—as a token of his appreciation of the business sense of the board. Dr. Swartz, by the way, was a classmate of Dr. William Horace Day at Berlin, and spoke at First Church on Sunday evening.

None of the speakers at the convention were listened to with deeper interest than was Dr. Jas. P. McNaughton of Turkey as he told of the terrible atrocities among the Armenians and uttered his challenge to the Christian people of America in behalf of these suffering martyrs who, by massacre, torture and deportation are being exterminated. He declared that the tortures practiced in the time of Nero are as child's play compared with those going on in Turkey, where the great tragedy of the world is now taking place. Out of all proportion to their numerical strength, he asserted, the Armenians have risen to distinction in all lines of life—intellectual and commercial. They have a perfect genius for education. In proof of their splendid capabilities, Dr. McNaughton quoted instance after instance of individual cases that have come under his observation. Not many years ago he secured the free passage to America of an Armenian boy who was utterly destitute. Today he is worth $100,000 and controls a big business in New York. An Armenian business man who died in New York not long ago left $100,000 for missions; another left $80,000. When a big California firm offered a prize of $100,000 for the discovery of a method of extracting fruit salt from grapes, it was an Armenian who won the coveted prize in competition with scores of young California college men. He spoke in pathetic terms and in the past tense—the tragic tense—of the school of 420 students over which he had presided for nearly 30 years—now desolate and grass growing on the playgrounds.

Rev. Frank L. Moore presented the home mission field, the churches of which, he said, are setting the pace for self-supporting churches in the increase of members and work.

At 6 o'clock supper was served for the delegates after the rally and addresses were given by Dr. William Horace Day, Dr. Schwartz and Fred M. Wilcox.

Pomona College Debaters Champions.

The University of Southern California and Occidental College debating teams went down to defeat again last Thursday night in the Intercollegiate Triangle Debating League between these institutions and Pomona College, the Pomonans defending valiantly their championship, winning out two to one with U. S. C. and three to naught with Occidental. These three institutions have, since 1912, composed the League, of which Pomona has held the championship since the date of the organization. The question for debate Thursday night was "Resolved: That the United States Government should acquire and operate an ocean-going merchant marine." Each of the schools put two teams in the field. Pomona sent her negative team to U. S. C., while her affirmative debaters remained at Claremont to meet Occidental's negative team. The half dozen hard-working, keen-minded debaters who upheld the championship of Pomona and walked off with the honors were Raymond Wansley, Paul Blaisdell and Philip Davenport on the affirmative and Clarence Gillett, Elmo Conley and Paul Schwab on the negative. It surely is "going some" when a college can furnish students so skilled in oratorical genius and armed with such convincing arguments as to win out on both sides of a question, affirmative and negative.

Los Angeles, March 7. SYDNEY FORD.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE PAIUTE INDIANS.

Henry W. Bowman.

For weeks before Christmas season the outside Indians had been asking for something special for themselves when Christmas should come. Every few days I was asked, "How long Christmas?" I would answer, so many days or so many weeks, as the case might be. There is always an entertainment and treat at the Indian school during the Christmas season, but the camp Indians were asking for something of their very own.

Our chapel was in a sad state of dilapidation, but they expressed their willingness to repair it provided we could get things necessary for the purpose. The Superintendent of the Indian School gave them some heavy paper with which to line the chapel, and they set to work with a will, and finally a day or two before Christmas the place was ready.

They had planned a "Big Eat" for Christmas day, and since they were too short of funds to afford turkeys, three of the young men who had spent three days hunting jack rabbits brought in one hundred and twelve, which they cleaned and made ready for cooking. In the meantime the

younger women had made bread, pies and cakes of the plainest sort. These things were prepared in their own camps, and without the help of the whites. The men had constructed rude tables in the chapel and covered them with pieces of oilcloth collected from the different camps.

I had received an invitation to eat Christmas dinner with them, which invitation I had accepted—a thing unheard of in the annals of Fort Bidwell.

Christmas day was beautiful, though cold enough to make attractive the open fire outside, upon which rested the great camp-kettle with the meat brought in by the hunters.

As the hour of noon approached there were gathered in and about the little chapel something more than a hundred Indians. A number of us were standing about the little organ singing, when the dinner was announced, and the leading spirit among the women showed the missionary his place at the table. Others moved about until all the places were filled, then I heard a voice in the native dialect, "O-pee-tah non-ish-a-te-hi." (Wait for prayer.) Every man's hat was removed, and the place was quiet while "grace" was said.

One thing much in evidence at this first sitting was the preference given the old people and the blind. Gently and almost tenderly the blind were led to their places and abundantly supplied with food.

To say that I enjoyed my Christmas dinner would be to state the matter lightly. I have eaten Christmas dinner with those of my own color and tongue, whose manner and language I understood better; Christmas dinners more daintily and tastily prepared and with greater variety of good things; dinners where the surroundings were more suggestive of care and cleanliness; but never one where my welcome was more hearty, never one where I was conscious of so great a labor and sacrifice in the procuring of the things set before me.

After dinner was over the women cleared away the dishes while the men converted the tables into benches to make ready for the evening festivities.

During the afternoon the missionary's wife, with the help of some of the younger women, decorated the tree which the Indians themselves had selected and cut in the mountains and trimmed and put in place in the chapel.

The Indians, from their meagre savings, having contributed a small amount, and some friendly whites having contributed larger amounts, we had been able to buy a pail of "common mixed," a large bag of raw peanuts, which Mrs. Bowman roasted, and a very few almonds. With these we filled one hundred and twenty bags, with a name on each bag. And such names! Shall I tell you a few of our Indian names? Here they are: Tad-mad-zak, which being interpreted means Springtime; Pa-ba-Po-see (Big Blind); Oits-a Posee (Left-handed Blind), both men. A woman, Wa-heets-e-Ma-ca (Swan Shoe); another, Wig-i-di. Besides these there are some Englishized names, Candy Archie, Tobacco Henderson, "Bucharo" Jack, which speak for themselves.

By buying a few small articles and adding to the things which we had saved out of the various missionary boxes, we were able also to give a small gift to all the small children, the very old men, and all the women. But, best of all, some of the younger men caught the spirit of the occasion and made small gifts to some of the children and the old people. This seemed a long step in the right direction, for they are much like some white children in the respect that they think Christmas is a time when they ought to receive something and forget all about the blessing of giving.

At the appointed time they crowded into the chapel, literally packing it, even standing room being at a premium, with many more outside who could not gain entrance. Even the platform was crowded so that it was with difficulty that I cleared room on the edge large enough to stand and address them. All who could joined in singing "Joy to the World." I offered a short prayer and addressed them very briefly on the meaning and purpose of Christmas. Mrs. Bowman sang "Star of the East," which they seemed to greatly appreciate; then we proceeded to the distribution of the "goodies."

And let me say here that as poor as our Indians are there was no scrambling or grabbing. They were as orderly as the average congregation of white people, keeping their seats even when their names were called, until some one should wait on them.

On Christmas morning a man had given me for the Indians a large sack of lovely red apples, and though they would seem nothing to us who have so many, they gave the keenest pleasure to the Indians, old as well as young. These we served first to the men who had not received other presents.

The day was greatly enjoyed by all, and will be long remembered as their first real Christmas, and though it meant work, and a great deal of it, for the missionaries, they felt well paid for the time, strength and money expended.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN

By John Wright Buckham.

One by one the ancient evils that fetter humanity are struck away—superstition, pillage, persecution, tyranny, slavery, the saloon and the rest. The next to go is war. In the very hour when its guns are thundering the loudest and its bayonet is the bloodiest its doom is being written. In the terror and excitement of the moment we clamor for armies, navies and munitions, but when we sit down and think we know that this is the hour of darkness before the dawn. Mankind has not wholly lost its reason, though it seems to have done so. There is yet enough of intelligence and sense of justice in a war-brutalized race to see that this kind of race suicide is not only damnable but senseless.

The deeper heart of humankind is even now saying to itself: "Never again." We shall hear that whisper soon,—a voice from the house tops.

But has not war produced some of the most heroic deeds that the world has ever seen? It has. So did the Coliseum and the Inquisition. No one has proposed to revive these—as yet. No, we are not condemning the heroes of war when we condemn war. History can be rightly read only in the light of progressive revelation. The Israelites did not see the crimes of slavery, but the men of England and America did. And it was theirs to put an end to it. The men of the Revolution and the Civil War did not yet realize that war is a crime against humanity; we are coming to see it and must act according to our light. The doors of the future cannot be opened with this "blood-rusted key."

The tragedy is that we in America should be blind to this; that we, called with a voice as clear as ever sounded to any nation to lead out into the new day of a war-liberated humanity, instead of helping to end it all should begin to get ready if need be to enter the maelstrom.

It is as if a man coming upon two neighbors fighting on the street, instead of trying to separate them should run home for his revolver lest when the victor got up he should

attack the next man in sight. Admirable courage that! And yet those who do not believe in showing their courage in this way are called cowards and traitors. Not very much longer will it be possible to call the spirit which says 'My country against the world' **patriotism.**

It is the spirit of "Duetschland, Duetschland uber Alle" and "Rule Britannia" that has made this war. I would make others, were it not even now beginning to shrivel in the white heat of the burning vision of human brotherhood, —a vision that will come and will not tarry

The new Abolition Movement is already under way,—the movement to abolish war, deadliest enemy of human happiness and progress. It is no newly arisen conviction. Before the war broke out the conscience and intelligence of the nations was beginning to stir sluggishly to the great task. But it needed another demonstration of the hellishnes of war. And we have had it! Zeppelins, submarines, starvation blockades, devastations, poisonous gasses, slaughters, massacres,—all this enginery of evil bruited around the globe,—the deadly shame of the Twentieth Century of the Christian era. The time is not distant when all that remains of these implements of hell will be gathered into international museums and our children or theirs will look upon them as we do upon the instruments of torture of the Inquisition—and thank God that another night of human horror is past.

OPTIMISM EVEN IN THE DARKEST TIMES.

E. E. P. Abbott.

The doughty Argonauts who have started out in quest of a golden prize were somewhat humiliated when they landed in Sweden. They found the Scandinavians were in advance of themselves, though pronounced pacifists with a propaganda. "Stop the war," "World federation" were the slogan of the Ford party, and with no uncertain note. But they were not so certain of the expediency of insisting just now upon what was dear to their heart, "international disarmament." This we learn from Miss Shelley, who has just returned to America. In an immense gathering in Stockholm it was this disarmament of the great powers that waked the most enthusiastic response of the audience. It is true that a venerable doctor, a Nestor of the movement, "with solemn deliberation" declared that evolutionary processes were slow, and disarmament must still be in the far future. Dr. Aked was the next speaker and voiced the mind of the people. Emboldened by the seeming check, he seized the opportunity. "Evolution may seem slow but it is subject to violent and sudden climaxes." Then he instanced Mrs. Stowe's visit in London. She was received by the queen, who presented to her two bracelets. On one was engraved the date when England emancipated her slaves. "When America frees her slaves," said Victoria, "I will have the date engraved on the other bracelet." Mrs. Stowe replied: "I shall never see that time. My daughter will not see it; but my daughter's daughter may see the freedom of the slave." She lived over forty years after President Lincoln issued his proclamation of freedom.

Charles Babbage invented a calculating machine that would run after a prescribed method apparently interminably like the course of nature. But suddenly there would be a marked and significant change. History is full of such surprises. For four thousand years China seemed absolutely fixed.

The people worshiped their ancestors and were utterly intolerant of any change. But within our short day came a sudden and complete upheaval all over that stolid continent, like the breaking up of the ice in the polar sea. One stroke of the vermillion pencil of the Empress Dowager abolished forever the old system of education, and there has come as by miracle the renaissance of the Mongolian people, the waking up of the sleeping giant.

Professor Guyot once wrote, "There are three periods in the progress of the plant life. The first is slowest of all,—the seed is hidden in the earth; the second is also slow,—the growth of the stalk; but at last and suddenly it bursts into bloom as in a night. Note the increased momentum of the falling body as it comes near the ground. So may it not be that we have reached a time in the world's long history promised in the Scriptures when all things shall move forward with immensely accelerated velocity? Men shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased; nations shall be born in a day; the Lord shall suddenly come to his temple.

Some of us are weary of giving so much time to the various editions of the daily newspaper. The reviews and the books do not do much to clear up the dark problem.

"Our ears are pained,
Our souls are sick, with every day's report
Of wrongs and outrage with which earth is filled."

If we have come back to the deeper things of God's Word we have found here our only comfort. This is the best commentary on the present catastrophe. Amos seems written for us and is up to date. But even after the terrible denunciations that are to come upon the nations, and especially upon Israel, there is the final word of hope, "In that day I will raise up the tabernacle of David that is fallen, and close up the breaches thereof; and I will raise up his ruins, and I will build it as in the days of old." The Apocalypse, which various men have interpreted according to the times in which they lived, and which they had not a doubt was for their special encouragement, needs now a new expounder.

History has been repeating itself,—and this time on a larger scale. We have seen the seals broken and the viols poured out. We have heard the trumpets. Have we not our man of sin and Armageddon? So we have the last pages of the glorious consummation of our comfort. It can not have been in vain. There must be first the breaking up, when nationalism, militarism and the greed of wealth shall have a face to face view of themselves. The judgment day has come and men have one more chance to repent of past folly and to humble themselves before God. Only recently two South American republics saw it in a small way, influenced by the church, and they are now reaping the blessed rewards of peace and mutual concession.

Bishop Butler was once walking in his garden when he asked himself this question: "Insanity sometimes overtakes the individual, why not the nation?" "Why not," we ask, "the world?" Civilization we have seen has demonstrated its utter inability to prevent the total dissolution; it but turns its own weapons upon itself. But rooted in faith and Christian principles it is ready to recover lost ground, return to its own inheritance and drive hence the demons which had well nigh overwhelmed it. "What of the night? The night cometh and also the day."

The deities that I adore
Are social peace and plenty;
I'm better pleased to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty.

—Burns.

A HYMN FOR THE CHURCHES OF CALIFORNIA TO SING THIS YEAR.

The following hymn written by the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Morgan, pastor of the Congregational Church at Elgin, Illinois, can be very appropriately and advantageously used in California this year.

From now on to election day in November no church member should be allowed to forget that the call of God is to vote out the saloon. Not one argument can be offerd in favor of the saloon to which a member of a church should listen for an instant. We accordingly commend Dr. Morgan's hymn:

O, Church of God, arise!
In Christ's great name now stand,
Fling out His banner to the skies
His call to all the land.

Behold the waste, wide wrought
By passions foul and fierce;
What countless souls Christ's blood hath bought,
The serpent's fang doth pierce.

Hear then the vast appeal
Which millions lift to God,
For Heaven's help their woes to heal
And stay the scourger's rod.

Against Christ's name they fight,—
Rum's hosts of lust and greed;
Then haste thee to the Throne of Might
By prayer gain strength for need.

Nor let thy prayer suffice,
But test thy prayer with deed,
United in glad sacrifice
With toil deserve prayer's meed.

Let prayer and vote be one,
Till forth from strand to strand
The curse be hurled, the goal be won
Of stainless flag and land.

A UNIQUE WEDDING CEREMONY.

In Honolulu recently the Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, pastor of the Central Union Church, and Miss Mabel E. Bosher, principal of Kawaiahao Seminary, were united in marriage. A writer in "The Friend" gives account of the ceremony: "Readers of The Friend need not to be told that our Dr. Scudder would make manifest in the ceremony of his own wedding the high plane of his individual ideas of marriage. Those, too, who were acquainted with the bride, knew her for one breathing the air of noble and free idealism. So all could welcome as fitting, though unique, the departure even from dear traditional music and phrases long nestled in the ear attuned to church ceremonies.

"The taking in marriage is, after all, the most individual matter in the world, and doubtless, the customary words of any established service are interpreted anew by each one taking the vows.

"At the beginning of the ceremony the groom's brother. Rev. J. L. Scudder said, using the special form prepared by the bride and groom:

'Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God and in the presence of this company to solemnize the entrance of this man and this woman into the holy estate of marriage, which is ordained by our Heavenly Father to lead His children into the mystery of His eternal home and to give them a foretaste of its joys; which also is the fountain head of the Christian family, the bulwark of the free state and the hope of perfected mankind, and is therefore not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly but reverently, in the fear and love of God and with solicitude for the welfare of the human race. Into this supreme relationship come now to be made one these two persons present who have given each to the other and to me who represent the interests of society the testimony of an honored physician that they are physically fit to be married.

You will now pledge to each other your troth.

"The hymeneal vows were then exchanged as follows:

'I, Doremus, give myself to thee, Mabel, to be thy husband. With the help of God I will to love thee evermore and to keep faith and truth with thee in all things, that together we may the better love and serve our Heavenly Father and our fellow men.

'I, Mabel, give myself to thee, Doremus, to be thy wife. With the help of God I will love thee evermore and to keep faith and truth with thee in all things. that together we may the better love and serve our Heavenly Father and fellow men."

As a symbol and prophecy of oneness throughout the whole circle of our being I give (receive) this ring.

"The clergyman then offered prayer asking divine blessing on the newly married couple."

NEW BOOKS.

The Church Vacation School. By Harriet Chapell.—These schools came into existence several years ago, and several hundred are now conducted each year. A Church Vacation School is a recreation school conducted for idle or neglected children, in a church building, by expert Christian teachers, usually for thirty half-day sessions during the summer vacation. They are often called Daily Vacation Bible Schools. Miss Margaret Slattery says concerning them that they "do more to teach definite moral guidance than any other agency now in operation." This book contains a discussion of the principles of such schools and is replete with suggestions as to their foundation and administration. It is hoped that it will open the eyes of many churches to the effectiveness of this branch of service and will help all who conduct such summer work to adopt the most effective program. **Fleming H. Revell Company. . .75c net.**

Biographical and Literary Studies By Albert H. Currier—This book by Professor Currier of Oberlin College presents in an attractive way salient features in the lives of several of the men who have had a great influence in shaping the thought and life of the world—St. Augustine, John Knox, George Herbert and Thomas Fuller. To these studies are added articles on: "The Value and Uses of the Imagination in Preaching and in Religious Literature," "The Psychological Value of Self-Forgetfulness," and "Where is Charlie?" In this last named article we have reflections on the life beyond, with special reference to those who have gone from us in childhood. The articles are of much worth throughout—that one John Knox being the most illuminating study of that great reformer that we have had the privilege of reading. The one on George Herbert whets the appetite for much more concerning this "St Francis of the Established Church." They who read it will desire to get hold of

"The Country Parson," and extract therefrom a large supply of the good things on the pages of that old-time book.—Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.50 net.

John Wesley's Place In History, By Woodrow Wilson.—This is a graphic word picture of one of the great religious leaders of the world by a man well able to estimate the worth of men, and to set it forth in a delightful maner. We quote a paragraph: "John Wesley's place in history is the place of the evangelist who is also a master of affairs. The evangelization of the world will always be the road to fame and power—but only to those who take it seeking not these things, but the kingdom of God. And if the evangelist be what John Wesley was, a man poised in spirit, deeply conversant with the natures of his fellow-men, studious of the truth, sober to think, prompt and yet not rash to act, apt to speak without excitment and yet with keen power of conviction, he can do for another age what John Wesley did for the eighteenth century." In the course of his study of Wesley, Mr. Wilson says: "The Church was dead and Wesley awakened it; the poor were neglected and Wesley sought them out; the gospel was shrunken into formulas, and Wesley flung it fresh upon the air—once more in the speech of common men. Men's spirits responded, leaped at the message and were made wholesome as they comprehended it. Unquestionably this man altered and in his day governed the spiritual history of England and the English speaking race on both sides of the sea. * * * No doubt he played no small part in saving England from the madness which fell upon France ere the century ended.* * * He dealt with the spirits of other men with the unerring capacity of a man of affairs—a sort of spiritual statesman, a politician of God, speaking the policy of a kingdom unseen, but real and destined to prevail over all kingdoms else. He did not deem himself a reformer; he deemed himself merely a minister and servant of the church, and the faith in which he had been bred, and meant that no man should avoid him upon his errand though it were necessary to search the by-ways and beat the hedges to find those whom he sought. He did not spring to his mission like a man who had seen a vision and conceived the plan of his life before hand, whole, and with its goal marked upon it as upon a map. He learned what it was to be from day to day, as other men do. He did not halt or hesitate, not because his vision went forward to the end, but because his will was sound, unfailing, sure of its immediate purpose." **Abingdon Press, New York, 50c net.**

CALIFORNIA STATE CHURCH FEDERATION.

The annual meeting of the California State Church Federation was held in Los Angeles at Trinity Auditorium March 1, 1916, in connection with the great convention of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in that city. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Rev. Harvey O. Breeden, Fresno (Disciples), President; Bishop Wm. M. Bell, Los Angeles, (United Brethren), 1st Vice President; Dr. T. B. Holmes, Oakland (Baptist), 2nd Vice President; H. H. Grotthouse, Los Angeles (Presbyterian), Secretary; E. Guy Talbott, Los Angeles, Executive Secretary. Other members of the Executive Committee at large are Rev. E. L. Parsons, Berkeley (Protestant Episcopal, Rev. C. C. Selecman, Los Angeles (South Methodist), and Rev. J. C. Pinkerton, Los Angeles (United Presbyterian). The chairmen of committees as elected are: S. W. O'Dell, Pasadena, Legislative; D. M. Gandier, Los Angeles, Temperance; Rev. A. G. H. Bode, Long Beach, Social Service; J. E. White, San Francisco, and Rev. Dana Bartlett, Los Angeles, Civic Activities; Prof. E. S. Bogardus, Statistics and Surveys; Capt. Robert Dollar, San Francisco, and Bishop Wm. M. Bell, Los Angeles, Peace; E. Guy Talbott, Industrial Affairs.

It was voted to create an Interdenominational Advisory Council to consist of denominational home missionary and church extension representatives from the various communions in the Federation. It was also voted to conduct a religious survey of the state under the direction of the Executive Secretary.

The report of the Executive Secretary submitted to the annual meeting showed that he had traveled over 32,000 miles during the year and delivered over 300 addresses in the state.

Among the Churches.

Long Beach.—At the March twilight communion service seven new members were received into the church.

Berkeley, North.—Six persons entered into fellowship last Sunday, 2 on confession. All were young married people.

Redwood City.—Sunday morning, March 5th, at a large communion service, four were received into membership, two on confession.

Oakland, Calvary.—Mr. Campbell began last Sunday evening a series for the month on "The Master and Four Foreigners." Topics: In the Hostile Midlands, The Authority of an Imperialist, The Market Report in an Alien Land, Sarcasm and Truth and a Foreigner.

Berkeley, First.—The "Half Hour Inquiries into Old Perplexities" by Dr. Buckham at the People's Bible Class have drawn a large attendance. At least 75 were present last Sunday. The closing talk will be given next Sunday on "Is there any communion with those in the Other Room?" Last Sunday at the communion service 11 persons were welcomed into fellowship, 4 on confession.

Pomona.—Under the auspices of the Baraca class of Pilgrim Bible School, Rev. Ralph B. Larkin of Ontario gave his illustrated lecture, "Tramping in the High Sierras," on Friday evening, March 3.—At the communion on Sunday, March 5, there were nine additions to the membership of the church, three on confession of faith, and six by letter. One infant was baptized.

Campbell.—The men of the church took the evening service, telling of the great "men's meetings" recently held in San Francisco. Our Junior C. E. is unique in some ways. The Superintendent is one of our high school boys—a senior. Usually a young lady is the superintendent. We like our plan very much. It is a delight to see the high school senior just before Junior time going to the church with a crowd of boys and girls surrounding him. He keeps them interested in the meetings, too. Last Sunday afternoon the pastor, Geo. E. Atkinson, spoke at the San Jose Y. M. C. A. on the "Old Manuscripts," illustrating his talk with an ancient manuscript Bible from Asia Minor—older than printing—and an old English Bible printed for Charles I in 1628. A fine crowd of men were out.

San Mateo.—This church had the pleasure of listening to Rev. F. L. Moore of Denver present the Laymen's Movement. Six men attended the convention and rally. The Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society was entertained at the home of Mrs. G. S. Whitehead. The guest of honor for the day was Mrs. J. K. Browne, who spoke interestingly on mission work in Turkey. An offering for Armenian relief was taken. The Bible class gave G. W. Dickie, its teacher, a reception and banquet upon his return from a business trip to New York. A hearty welcome was extended him and he replied with a few and appropriate words of appreciation. The main speaker of the evening was Rev. B. C. Preston of Palo Alto, who spoke eloquently on the subject, "Kipling the Prophet-Poet." A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present.

Pittsburg.—February has been the fullest month of activity and achievement that we have ever had. The tenth, at 6:30, 51 men accepted Mr. Champlin's invitation to supper in the church annex. Mr. Fred Goodsell made the principal talk and held the men for half an hour riveted in their desire to hear every word he had to say on Men and Religion. Afterwards they followed him around in groups asking questions about his work and his message. The fellowship that evening was hearty, and it had a feeling of newness.—On the 14th, all the High School boys and girls (about 35 attend Church and Sunday school) gathered in the parsonage for a Valentine party. They had the time of their lives.—Each Sunday morning a sermonette is given early in the service, and one Sunday in February 40 Sunday school members were present. The pastor gave two series of sermons in February, which drew the largest audiences we have yet had—some evenings filling the church. The morning series was on "The Old Testament in the light of Today," four sermons; and the evenings, "Queen Esther —Intrigue and Adventure in an Oriental Court," "Ella Wheeler Wilcox—her contribution to the Religious Thought and Life of Today," "Jane Addams—America's Most Distinguished Woman," "Joan of Arc—Peasant Girl, Mystic, Warrior, Saint."—The most ambitious undertaking of the month was the securing of Dr. David Starr Jordan, to lecture on "Peace." The Redwood Club co-operated, and gave a banquet at a dollar a plate to 50 men from all Eastern Contra Costa, with Dr. Jordan as guest of honor. Then at 8 all adjourned to the new $80,000 grammar school, where 700 people had gathered to hear the lecture. The pastor introduced Dr. Jordan, who spoke for an hour and a half with rapt attention from all. Sheriff Vale and newspaper men from Martinez, and people from 20 and 30 miles away motored in to hear Dr. Jordan. After the lecture the doctor was entertained at the new parsonage. Never before in Pittsburg has so large an audience assembled for so spiritual a matter as a lecture on Peace. Excepting the committee of twenty which financed the parsonage last year, never have so many of the prominent men here served on a committee with a pastor, as gathered to help handle the Jordan visit.

THE CHINESE MARCH MEETINGS.

In every year since the meeting of the first layman's convention in this city, our Chinese Christians, all the Missions uniting, have held a series of evangelistic services in the month of March, lasting eight days—two Sundays and the six days in the evening. Each succeeding series has called forth a deeper and more general interest than any preceding one. That, for this year is in progress at the time of this writing. Thus far we have had three meetings, two on Sunday and one on Monday. They all are held in the auditorium of the Presbyterian Chinese Church, it being more roomy than any other. They are all to be conducted by Rev. Dr. Gilchrist of the Bible College, assisted by Rev. Mr. Chow of the M. E. Chinese church as interpreter. The one held on Sunday afternoon was intended for Christians only, for the purpose of perfecting the plans which had, with much prayer, been considered at Workers' Meeting, held on each afternoon of the week preceding. About 250 persons attended this meeting.

On Sunday evening the room, seated for 600 people, was packed. The interest became such that the harvest began, and forty-six signed cards, which cards, after giving in detail the Home District in China and the present residence and the missions preferred, affirmed that the signer desired to learn more fully what it is to be a Christian, and pledged himself to believe in Jesus. The meeting on Monday evening was not so crowded, but made the auditorium appear to be full, and yielded a larger harvest, sixty-four having signed the cards. No previous service has, at its very beginning, given such good promise or such glad results.

The closest possible attention will be paid by our own church to conserve what may have been thus brought within its reach, and for which it is specially responsible, and I trust that this will be true of all the Missions.

W. C. P.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Bay Association meeting at Hayward next Tuesday—forenoon and afternoon.

The Rev. B. St. John is planning to go to Colorado soon for a visit with relatives.

Olivet Church, Oakland, has been supplied for several weeks by the Rev. F. W. Dean.

The Rev. E. E. Youtz of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, has been in Southern California for the last two weeks.

The registration at the Laymen's Missionary convention in Fresno was 1350. At San Diego it was 1275.

The Rev. W. W. Willard continues as pulpit supply in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

The Pomona College Glee Club will sing in Calvary Congregational Church, Oakland, the evening of the 26th.

Pittsburg is "on the map," and so is the Congregational church of that flourishing place—judging from a church news item in The Pacific this week!

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the address will be given by Superintendent Rathbone.

President Nash and the Rev. G. W. Hinman go to Riverside this week to participate in the ordination services of the pastor of the Japanese Congregational Church in that city.

Superintendent Rathbone was at the Ocean View Church last Sunday evening. He reports that church under the leadership of the Rev. W. Floyd in the best condition it has been for many years.

Church Extension Society supper for Congregational church people of the East Bay cities in First Church, Oakland, Thursday evening, March 16. For both men and women. Important questions to be considered. Charge for supper 50 cents. Time 6:30.

Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary began last Sunday in Plymouth Church, Oakland, a series of lectures on "The Early Stories of Genesis in the Light of Today." They are at ten o'clock at the Adult Bible Class meeting, and are open to all who may desire to attend.

The Pacific desires to serve the churches in every possible way as a disseminator of church news. If churches are not represented in our columns they have no one to blame for it but themselves. Pastors or laymen who are at the head of affairs should see that their churches are heard from whenever there is news of general interest.

The text of the Rev. W. W. Willard in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco last Sunday evening was: "They shall come from the east and west and from the north and south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." The subject was: "A Voice from the Orient: The Message of Rabindranath Tagore to the Western World."

Superintendent Moore of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, for Colorado, who has been one of the speakers at the Laymen's Missionary meetings on the coast, spent Sunday at Porterville. While there he had part in the raising of $2,500 toward the debt on the church building. It is thought that the balance needed, $1,500, will be secured this week. Mr. Moore reports that fine work is being done in Porterville by the Rev. S. W. Wilcox, the pastor.

Information came to The Pacific a few days ago that Calvary Congregational Church, Oakland, had seven members in attendance at the denominational rally at the time of the Laymen's Missionary meetings; Palo Alto four; and, according to a church item in our columns this week, San Mateo had six. Our report last week stated that there were twenty persons who paid at the door, and that there were also twenty-three blank tickets. Doubtless there are other churches that had delegates not accredited to them in our statistical list.

The Northern California Congregational Conference voted last year to hold its annual meeting this year in Yosemite—at Camp Curry. The date most talked of is the last of July, beginning July 25 and continuing for a week. The plan seems to be to give half the time each weekday to conference meetings and the other half to recreation. The date will be fixed at the meeting of the conference board next Monday. Mr. Curry offers almost any date from the middle of May to the last of September except dates between June 8 and July 20. Those who have any special choice should communicate with the directors of the conference at once.

The Pacific was mentioned as follows in the weekly bulletin of the First Congregational Church of Long Beach: "What will you get in these columns that the daily newspaper does not supply? News concerning Congregational churches on the Coast, snapshots of other denominations, missionary intelligence, glimpses of what transpires in the educational world, and dispassionate and illuminating articles concerning the World Conflict. Beyond these and many other things The Pacific appeals as an out and out advocate of the Temperance cause, and let it not be forgotten that next November the question of the abolition of the saloon and its nefarious influence is to come before the voters."

SEATTLE CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

The fifteenth annual meeting, which was held recently, had an attendance of 250. The meeting was held in the University Congregational Church.

During the meeting a telegram of congratulations and good wishes was received from the Rev. Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith of New York.

Reports of unusual interest were made by the Rev. J. William Carson, of Keystone Congregational Church; the Rev. Ira Milton Grey, of Beacon Hill Church; C. A. Johnson, of Oak Lake Church; the Rev. T. R. Elwell, of Youngstown Church; the Rev. Carl A. Dettmers, for the German Church; the Rev. T. Hyami, for the Japanese, and the Rev. Sakariasen for the Norwegian.

Superintendent Gale gave a series of stereopticon views illustrating developments during the year in different fields. Addresses were made by former Mayor George F. Cotterill, F. Stanley Kent and the Rev. Horace C. Mason. The report of the treasurer showed $3,714 spent by the society during the year in Seattle mission work.

The total apportionments for 1915 were $3,707.50. The total amount paid in by the churches was $2,774.20. Other receipts brought the total up to $3,714.21. These additional sums came mainly from the Gale Tenth Anniversary Fund and the Washington Conference—$671 and $262 respectively.

The apportionment for 1916 is $3,335.

The assets of the Extension Society amount to $7,002.19. The liabilities are $6,236.96.

Congregational Statistics for Seattle.

The following statistics were compiled recently by the Rev. J. H. Matthews:

Number of Congregations Reporting:
Year 1904—12
Year 1914—22 .....83 per cent increase
Number of Communicant Church Members:
Year 1904—1,921
Year 1914—4,029 .....109 per cent increase
Home Expenses:
Year 1904—$25,583
Year 1914— 68,766 .....Increase of 170 per cent
Contributions to Homeland Societies and All Benevolences:
Year 1904—$11,913
Year 1914— 23,947 .....101 per cent increase
Contributions to Foreign Missions:
Year 1904—$1,716
Year 1914— 2,481 .....44 per cent increase
Total Contributions to Missions and Benevolences:
Year 1904—$13,629
Year 1914— 26,428 .....93 per cent increase
Weekly Average Contribution per Member to Home Expense:
Year 1904—$13 per year or 25 cents per week
Year 1914— 17 per year or 32 cents per week
Weekly Average Contribution per Member to All Missions and Benevolences:
Year 1904—13 cents
Year 1914—12½ cents
Weekly Average Contribution per Member to Our Seven

Missionary Societies:
Year 1904—4 21-100 cents
Year 1914—3 21-100 cents ..Decrease of 25 per cent

One of the songs sung at the annual meeting was the following written by the Rev. C. R. Gale:

Seattle.

Fair city by the sea,
Our hearts go out to thee,
O city fair!
Thy snow-crowned mountains high,
Clear lakes 'neath azure sky,
Bring thoughts of heaven nigh
And lead to prayer.

Here may Thy kingdom come,
Here may Thy will be done,
O King Most High!
Let truth and right prevail;
No foe our homes assail,
While love floods hill and dale,
And God is nigh.

O Church of Christ arise!
Work, pray and sacrifice,
This be our prayer:
That here beside the sea,
In lives by Christ made free,
Seattle e'er shall be
The city fair.

GOVERNMENT OPENS A FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS SEEKING HELP IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Government has opened a Free Employment Bureau and labor exchange in the U. S. Appraiser's building, San Francisco, for the purpose of bringing the job and the jobless together without cost to employer or workman.

Every Postoffice is supplied with blank forms of application for the benefit of farmers and others who seek help, and the man who wants employment. These blanks are transmitted through the mail to the officers of the bureau in San Francisco without postage. This service is free to the employer and employee. Applications can be made with the blank forms, by telephone, Sutter 6108, letter or personal call.

Furthermore, it is the object of the bureau to promote a beneficial distribution of the unemployed in the congested communities throughout the country and bring the landless man to the manless land. It it also a division of information for the benefit of the prospective settler, the farmer in need of help, and the person seeking work.

All applications are honored by registration, and an effort made to supply the demand.

A corps of efficient officers have been detailed by the Commissioner of Immigration at this port, to attend to this work exclusively.

The division is a branch of the Bureau of Immigration, under the supervision of the U. S. Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

Chasing an ideal is better than chasing a dollar; and the two things are not compatible.

Men cannot learn what they are not prepared for; to force the teaching avails nothing.

The Home.

HOMEKEEPING HEARTS.

"I tell you," said the Young Philanthropist, striking his fist upon the editorial desk, "that it's all wrong. It's **—economic waste!**" The look which he threw across the desk upon the woman editor as he flung the turgid phrase at her head, was a blending of—"There! Listen to that" and "I wonder if she knows what **that** means."

The Woman Editor looked back at him speculatively. She knew what **he** meant, but—

"Look here!" continued the Young Philanthropist, knocking over the waste basket and clearing off sufficient space on the desk whereon he might pound without endangering inkwells and spindles and things. "Take this one street for instance." He picked up a blank pad and drew a line. "Here are three houses—in a row. The women in these three houses—they're all women—belong to one family.

"In this house," rudely sketching, "are, a woman of over sixty and her daughter—past forty. In the second house are two old women, both seventy or thereabout. In the third, one woman alone. Now what kind of sense is there in such an arrangement? Each one of those houses has from seven to twelve rooms. Each house would rent, even in this place, for from twenty to thirty dollars a month. Look at the **waste.** Those five women ought to be housed under one roof and rent the other two."

"Do they—need the income?" inquired the Woman Editor mildly.

"No," the Young Philanthropist admitted, "these particular women don't happen to need it, but it's the principle behind it, the system. That's what's wrong, the system. It's wasteful. You think about it. You'll see it everywhere, women living alone, hanging on to some old rag of a place, lonely, half taken care of, spending three times as much to live that way as it would if they—bunched. You want to get after 'em in your magazine. Teach 'em the error of it. What's your magazine good for if you can't teach women how they ought to live?"

He smiled as he offered the advice, for he was a friendly Young Philanthropist, and, getting up to go about his own work, flung a benign and tolerant look upon the Woman Editor, and a last admonition, "You think about it. You'll see."

And so, after he went out, the Woman Editor sat long at her desk and thought about it. The Young Philanthropist was still in the flush of First Opinions, and the Woman Editor was older, a very great deal older, and she was not at all prepared to accept his dictum as both law and gospel. Still, the fact remained. Women did live alone, and in twos, in houses much too big for them. It cost them far more to live this way than if they—bunched. There must be something to it. It seemed to her when you came to think about it, almost a universal custom, a —a system, as the Young Philanthropist had said, this—economic waste. Perhaps it would be worth while to—look into it, even to—speak to them about it. And to—point out the error of their ways.

She had been reading lately some very new-fangled ideas about house-keeping, such, for instance, as people living in communities and having community kitchens and laundries and nurseries and dining rooms. The layout of the plan had looked very feasible. Women do get tired,

everlastingly tired, of getting three meals a day, cleaning the floors, doing their own laundry, some of them, and taking care of the children through it all. She looked back to the days when her own babies had made incessant demands, when money was scarce and she had had to be cook, seamstress, laundress and nursemaid, and she remembered just how utterly wearied and discouraged she had often been. Glad, indeed, would she have been to be made a party to any plan that would relieve her of the drudgery of housework. The laundry could be spared from the house, the scrubbing could be delegated to a hand which hadn't to put buttonholes in a baby's gown at night, a trained seamstress could certainly do that part of the family work with greater celerity and skill than she. All these different elements of making home could well be dispensed with in the home. As for the nurseries, she even agreed that a trained nurse and a trained child gardener might bring the babies up to school age with greater efficiency and better results than the average mother. She conceded the argument that the mother might better stick to her own vocation and out of her earnings pay for the specialists who could do the machine work of her home but when it came to **eating** in "bunches" the Woman Editor said, No. Community eating is all very well for the homeless ones, the left-overs, those who go to make up "family-tables" in hotels and boarding-houses, and a mighty good thing for such to gather in sociability; but where there is a family, said the Woman Editor to herself firmly, let them be a family during the ceremony of breaking bread.

Long she sat at her desk, the Woman Editor, and long she stared from her window into the softly-falling snow outside. But what she saw was not snow, but—women, and—homes. Yes it was all true, what the Young Philanthropist had said. She knew the houses and the women who lived in them. She could even supplement his facts with hosts of others like them. Go up one street and down another and you could find women living alone everywhere. She thought of a conversation held but two evenings before at the dinner table of a prosperous professional woman.

"I suppose," said the hostess, "that I am a fool for keeping up this big house. I have to keep two maids, and pay big wages to get the right sort, besides a man, and a woman to come in for extra cleaning. It takes just about all I earn, and I've a good income, to keep it going."

"It's a lovely home," offered the guest.

"Yes, isn't it?" The eye of the hostess lighted with pleasure and pride. "And I love it. It's all I've got, besides my work." The last of her immediate family was gone. The guest understood the note of sadness, for her own was a life without a family. "I try to share my home," her hostess went on, "and give others a good time in it. In that way I justify my keeping it—if it needs justifying Anyway, I'm going to."

Drifting from this conversation, the Woman Editor went back in memory to a day last summer. The had been passing the home of another lone woman, and, attracted by the beautiful borders of old-fashioned flowers and the sight of the owner in gardener's costume, had entered the gate.

"Here I am," called the Gardener. "Come and see my posies." We inspected the flowers and then she led the Woman Editor to her house. "I've been having a new porch added," she said. "Isn't it a beauty?"

It was. And it had cost a lot of money. But she loved it. It was all she had of her own to love, and, being a woman of means she expended upon it the time and money and thought that others do upon a family. She, too, shares her home with friends less fortunate.

Still staring out upon the snow, the Woman Editor saw many like instances. In her own town—a small one—she could count at least two dozen women living alone, or with maids, or with one other companion. Thinking back over other small towns she saw the same thing holding true. Looking out into the country where she had an intimate acquaintance, she could remember not a few women, who, left alone by the death of husband and absence of children, had clung tenaciously to the roots of home, over sacrifice, effort, hard work. Just yesterday she had gone to see an old woman who had once cooked for her, and found her, rheumatic, half ill, hardly able to see, but refusing to live with either daughter or son, clinging tenaciously to the decayed roots of the home roof-tree which had been hers for forty years of married life.

It was rather appalling, as the Young Philanthropist had said, to think of all the waste, the—economic waste. Houses and lands everywhere going to the support of lone women. Why were they so foolish? Why didn't they—bunch,

Then she thought of her own home—a big house. Far too big for a lone woman. Why—with a start she recognized herself as one of them—one of the **economic wasters.** It cost her nearly all she earned to run it. It made her work and took her thought and energy to keep it clean and in repair. What did she do it for? Why didn't she—bunch?

She ran over in her mind the other lone women whom she knew, wondering which of them she might—bunch—with. She thought of getting rid of her useless possessions—things treasured since the busy, happy days of housekeeping. She imagined herself living in, confining herself to one room and a bedroom—going "out" perhaps, to meals. And she didn't like the thought. It frightened her. Hastily she shut her desk, put on her wraps and locked the door. Dusk was falling—along with the snow, and it was rather cheerless out of doors. The thought of home quickened her. Once inside she switched on a light and looked around to make sure it was all there. Then she breathed—a long, contented breath, and took off her wraps. She lighted the fire on the hearth, set the little copper kettle boiling on its hob, and brought out a biscuit for the dog—faithfullest of friends. Then she sat down before her blaze and settled back in her chair, one she fitted into and loved, and looked about her. And, looking with misty, grateful eyes, these lines came to her:

"Outside fall the snowflakes lightly,
Through the night loud raves the storm.
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm."

There were her books—big cases of them, each one loved as a companion; there were her pictures, each carrying its own particular message; here was a bit of statuary, there a vase, a basket, all things that were hers, bore her stamp, were a part of her individuality. They lent comfort to her, and courage and strength, qualities sorely needed anew each day. They surrounded her with a familiar, intimate atmosphere. They were her—**family.** One couldn't pick up one's whole family and mix it up with someone else's whole family to—bunch. One couldn't. She poked the fire a little, stroked the dog's nose leaning on her knee, and sobbed a breath. "Oh," she whispered, "please don't let these, these economic savers, take our homes away from us."

Then she poured a cup of tea and felt safe—and better. And, with the kettle left to bubble just for its friendly, cheering voice, with the fire glowing upon her, and the dog, nosing her feet, she leaned back to think it out.

What did it all mean? It must mean something because it was universal. Women didn't—bunch—because they couldn't. Women clung to their homes because of some fundamental, tremendous and universal element which was greater than any "system" could ever be.

Suddenly it came to her. And the answer was so simple that the very fire crackled it, the kettle sang it, the shadows danced it, the lamp glowed it, the dog breathed it, and the woman—lived it. It was because women's hearts are housekeeping hearts. Women are by nature home-lovers, home-makers, hearth-tenders.

Women are driven into industry through one need and another, but the woman does not live who does not dream of a "home of her own." The dream begins with her first long dress and ends only with the winding sheet. She will sacrifice for it, work for it, die for it. Nothing can alter it. Not all the arguments of all the economists of all the world can change it one jot or tittle. The nation is built upon it. It takes the pioneer into the wilderness and sends the homeless woman to destruction. It is a mighty and tremendous force and man must not meddle with it. To do so would be to tamper with the cornerstone of a country.

Woman cannot live, happily, beneficently and at her best **sur le branche.** She is a creature of permanency. As long as the home required all her efforts, to keep her family clothed and fed and warmed, we never heard of unrest or unsatisfied desires, or any other of the qualities which later have crept into the feminine nature. Since invention has displaced necessity and woman's hands and minds are no longer occupied about household tasks, she has swung loose a bit, unbalasted and with rudder not quite true. She has to become accustomed to the new current.

There is plenty of work to be done by woman's hands, aside from the brewing and baking of older days, as is being proven by the efficiency with which she handles her newer labors, but no world-work will ever displace the love of home in woman's heart. The office woman who has to board looks with darkly envious eyes upon the woman hurrying through the dusk to her home duties, and hoards her few belongings jealously against that day when she shall have a bit of a home of her own. She is glad of her work, proud of her earning capacity, but she wants a home and looks forward to the possession of one.

A bright and successful woman artist of unusual ability and renown said to the Woman Editor one day:

"Do you know what I want more than anything else in the world?"

"No," replied the other, "I thought you had about everything a woman could wish for—money, splendid friends, success, fame—"

"I'd give 'em all for the thing I want most," interrupted the artist; "a peg of my own to hang my sunbonnet on."

And that is what we all want—a peg of our own to hang our sunbonnets on. That is what working women work for. That is their goal and they work toward it. When they get it they cling to it.

The women of the older generation who were not trained to public work and who were fortunate enough to have a home "left" them, hang to it like the proverbial puppy to the proverbial root. No arguments of "economic waste" are going to dislodge them. Only the final going forth can separate them from the household gods of their earthly worship. Instinctively they are true to their home-loving natures. Theirs are "home-keeping hearts."

The women of the younger generation are working women. Their independence will enable them to wait longer for the home of their dreams than their mothers did. They will not "marry for a home"—the best of them, but their hearts dream of a home nevertheless, and any woman past seven and up to seventy will tell you that this is true.

The women who live in hotels and boarding houses, the bridge-playing, dog-tending women are not normal, complete, and happy women. They are the "women of unrest." They are constantly seeking diversion, either in society or "works." And they are never satisfied. Their natures crave, whether consciously or not, that completion which can only come through the attendance upon home-pleasures and home cares. Theirs, too, are home-keeping hearts, robbed of their rights.

It does not necessarily follow, that, because woman's nature craves the atmosphere of home, she must carry on in the home all the detail necessary to human life, as was the case with our ancestors. A home can still be a home and put the washing and ironing out. In fact, it can be even more of a home, for, with her hand and brain full of endless activity, the home-keeper will have all the more time and thought to put into the spirit of home. Neither does it follow that because woman is a home-lover she need bend all her energies upon that one objective point. She is too big a creature in her entirety to confine herself to one-half of life. She must make the home into which she and her family can retreat, but she can also give a portion of her abounding energies to the larger homemaking of civic life. At present she is a little confused. The shackles of home drudgery have been struck from her hands and she is a bit at sea. She will soon get her bearings, however, and then we shall have the Greater Woman, the home-woman who has also a finger on the pulse of the world.

There is no need to fear that the institution of Home will ever become an empty one, while women refuse, as they do and always will—to—bunch. They—bunch—only when there is no home left, and age or incapacity putting an end to dreams, are driven to herding in Old Ladies' Homes or—the County House. Here you can see the bunching system carried out, and here you my judge if it satisfies the heart of womankind.

The home is more to the human than the lair is to the animal nature. It is true that the need of a home is a development of the nest and the need of a breeding-place, but the human home goes fathoms deeper than this.

"Sweet is the smile of the home, the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure:
Sweet are the joys that crowd the household nook,
That haunt of all affections pure."

No, the economists will have to put up with us—wasters of economy that we are. We shall have to let them fret at the amount of space we occupy, the incomes that we spend keeping a too big roof over our heads. It is not our fault that we are alone in our big houses. The woman who will fight to the last ditch to keep the home would a thousand times rather it were filled with loved ones. She shares it, opens it, does all she can to make it pay for the room it takes and money it costs, and when she isn't able to make her accounts balance she charges the deficit to the account of "Homekeeping Hearts" and, lo, as by magic the balance is on the other side!

—Della Thompson Lutes in Table Talk.

For The Children.

ELIZABETH'S CHOICE.

This is a true story about a little girl named Elizabeth. She was ten, and she had a sister Lucy, who was eight, and a little sister Frances, who was only four.

They were very nice little girls and they loved one another dearly. Elizabeth was generous and unselfish, and often sacrificed her own pleasure to make her sisters happy.

Grandma liked to reward Elizabeth for her unselfishness, and so, one day, she said to Aunt Daisy:

"I have asked the little girls to come over this morning and get the presents we brought them from Europe. I am going to let Elizabeth choose the one she likes best. I think she deserves a reward for sending Frances driving with Aunt Mary yesterday in her place. She was very good to give up her treat to make her little sister happy."

The little girls soon arrived, and grandma kissed them and helped to take off their coats and hats. Then she led them into the living room. The three gifts were lying in their boxes on the table; a turquoise ring, a little pearl locket, and a bracelet with a tiny clover on it.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Elizabeth. "Weren't you good to bring us such pretty presents, grandma?"

"Which is for me?" asked Lucy, with shining eyes.

"Me choose, grandma?" said little Frances, with an engaging smile.

"No, dear," answered grandma, "Elizabeth is to have first choice this time, because she was so good to let you you go with Aunt Mary yesterday. Come, Elizabeth, which do you like best?"

Elizabeth clasped her hands and drew a long breath of excitement and rapture.

"They're all so beautiful," she said. "May I really do just as I like about choosing, grandma?"

"You certainly may, dear; this is your choice."

Elizabeth looked at the gifts again closely, and touched each with a careful finger, lingering over the locket. Then she glanced at Lucy's wistful face, and at Frances, who was resting her little nose on the edge of the table in her endeavor to see the pretty things.

"Which do you wish you had, Lucy?" Elizabeth asked, suddenly.

"Oh, the ring, the ring!" cried Lucy, dancing up and down.

Elizabeth took the ring from its box and handed it to her, and was nearly choked by Lucy's "bear-hug."

"Which do you like best, Frances?" Frances stood on tip-toe and waved a fat hand.

"I fink I'd ravver like the bracelet," she said. Elizabeth clasped it on her chubby arm, and Frances gave her a big, big kiss.

"Then this is mine," said Elizabeth, joyously, taking up the little pearl locket. "It's just what I wanted, grandma. Thank you a hundred times for it."

As she kissed grandma, she whispered, "It's lots of fun to have first choice, isn't it?"

Grandma looked at the little sisters dancing for joy, and then at Elizabeth's radiant face, and smiled.

"It is when you are generous," she said, softly.

What do you think of Elizabeth's choice?—Amy V. Beal.

The sky is not less blue because the blind man does not see it.

One should break his arm to save his neighbor's neck, but not vice versa.

Tell not all you know, believe not all you hear, judge not all you see, do not all you can.

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A GOOD PROFIT.

Uncle Tom Profitt, aged 81, and the Widow Goode, 71, were married in Monroe county. The preacher made a Goode Profitt in tying the knot. — Hopkinsville, Ky., Kentuckian.

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